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MAYFAIR Contents

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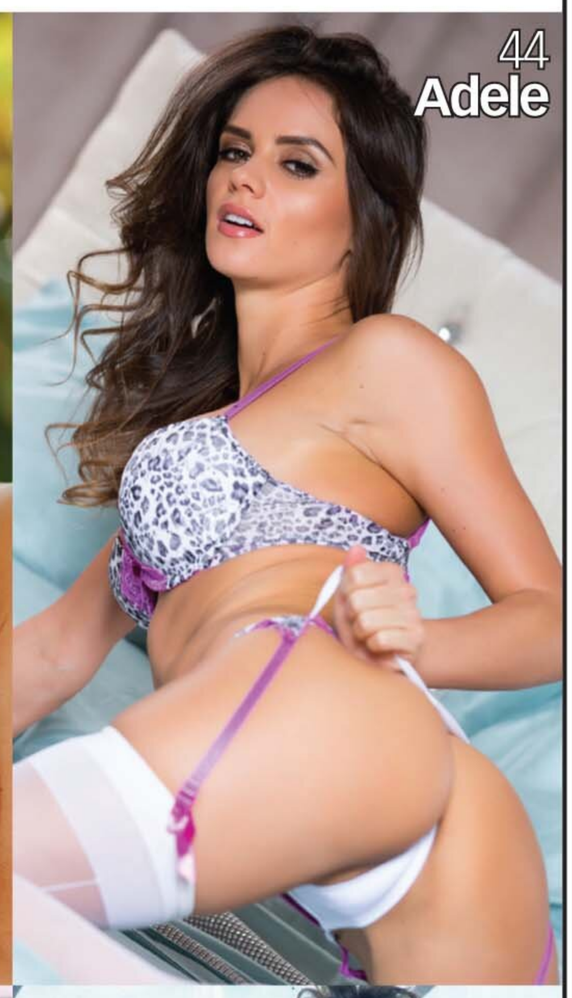

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MAYFAIR Male

Dirty minded? Good then you sound like just our type! Why not drop us a line and tell us what's been ringing your bell - or otherwise - in Mayfair?

E-MAIL Mayfair@paulraymond.com **POST** Mayfair, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, Surrey, KT12 3PU.

GRUBBY TALE!

Dear *Mayfair*,

I've been reading *Mayfair* for many years now, and although I enjoy it immensely, I have one slight irk – the lack of food play featured within it!

I've had a penchant for mixing foodstuff with sex since I was a young lad, whether on my own or with a lady. The texture, smell, taste and visual aspect makes it, in my opinion, one of the more sumptuous and satisfying forms of eroticism.

Although I have shared this pleasure with nearly all of my girlfriends to some degree, the most gratifying encounter of all was with Vivien, whom I met on the internet.

After a few conservations about the single life we realised we had much in common and decided to keep in touch via email – not meeting up as we lived many miles apart. Our friendship grew as the months flew by, until one day she announced she would be visiting friends only a short distance from me and would like to finally meet.

We met at my local pub, and I was pleasantly surprised to find that she looked even better in the flesh than she did in her pictures. We ate lunch while we talked and I couldn't help but become slightly aroused by the way she handled and savoured her food – scooping up the remaining gravy from her plate with one fingertip and sensuously sucking it into her mouth through her full glossy lips, while maintaining eye contact made it obvious she was coming on to me. Encouraged, I invited her to my house for 'coffee' and she accepted, a wry smile playing lightly on her lips.

> "OUR LIPS LOCKED TOGETHER AS SHE TRACED THE OUTLINE OF MY PRICK…"

Settling back on my sofa later, I put my arm around her and, relaxing, she snuggled contentedly against me, draping one knee over my leg. The feel of Vivien's body so close to mine aroused me, my pulsing erection was soon prodding into her thigh. Kissing her deeply, I sucked on her tongue and our lips locked together passionately as she traced the outline of my prick.

As the temperature rose, we began to grind against and explore each other. Opening her blouse to reveal a beautiful lacy bra encasing her ample bosom, I unhooked it and buried my face between them, inhaling her perfume as her hands crept between my legs to stroke my balls through my jeans. Tweaking her nipples made her squeal with pleasure, her hips bucking gently as she breathlessly asked me to screw her.

Never one to miss an opportunity, I asked her to hold that thought and hurried to the fridge to gather some props. Choosing whipped cream, a bowl of cherries and a bottle of white wine, I returned to the lounge where my soon-to-be lover's eyes widened and she grinned sexily. Without saying a word, Vivien stood and disrobed, sliding her blouse from her shoulders, and her skirt and knickers to the carpet, nodding at me to follow suit. I wasted no time and wriggled out of my clothes, until we were both stark naked.

Lying on my fireside rug, we kissed

CUTE? YOU SHETCHA!

Dear *Mayfair*,

Here's my shetch attempt in homage to your naughty Natalia (51.01). She really is the perfect *Mayfair* maid, with her sweet heart-shaped face, frisky expression, lovely boobs and those glorious thighs, framing her wonderful lady-flower! It was a joy to try and paint her, but in all honesty nature can't be bettered – as your beautiful photos proved all too clearly!

That's not to forget all the other stunning ladies who made up this particular cornucopia of bliss – Megan, Mia, Christen – so saucy and charming in her wild west bordello get up!

Thank you as always to everyone at *Mayfair* who contributes to it being such a joyous institution!

Gabriel, London.

Many thanks for your latest artistic endeavour, Gabriel. We had to look up the word shetch, which was a new one on us! Glad you liked the issue, and we're sure Natalia will be delighted with this piece of artwork when we send it to her! – *The Ed.*

 E-MAIL Mayfair@paulraymond.com **POST** Mayfair, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, Surrey, KT12 3PU.

WOWIE CHLOE(S)!

Dear *Mayfair*,
I was looking forward to seeing the magnificent Chloe Dee in your pages after seeing her featured on your Coming Next Month page in the previous issue, and I wasn't disappointed. What a fresh-faces vision of loveliness she is – especially when she happens to be sporting a pair of sheer stockings (my all time favourite item of apparel on a lady!). And while I'm on the topic of Chloe, it was also a thrill to see the super-cute Chloe Toy looking so comely in her stockings and suspenders – OK, they weren't sheer, but the set of pictures of her were a sheer delight nonetheless! If I had to give two reasons why *Mayfair* stands head and shoulders above the other magazines on the top shelf, I could do a lot worse than just produce these two photoshoots!
Martin, Hastings.

again, our bodies entwined perfectly. I took a dab of cream from the bowl and rubbed it on her lips, which she licked off salaciously. Scooping a bigger finger-full, Vivien dipped it into her glorious pussy, mixing the cream with her own essence, offering me her finger so I could taste the delicious mixture of cream and her juices. Sucking greedily on the proffered digit I savoured this luscious potion – the sheer intimacy of the situation causing the blood to positively pound in my cockhead.

Inflamed, I straddled her waist and massaged more cream into her breasts, occasionally pausing to pinch her hardened nipples before smearing them with more cream, enjoying the way she wriggled under me, her excitement growing as I massaged her orbs.

Moving further down her body, I rubbed the cream into her swollen pussy lips, the musky scent wafting to my nostrils, and, wanting to heighten her pleasure, I inserted my fingers deep into her sopping hole, frigging her vigorously until I felt her vaginal muscles tighten and grip my digits. Her pussy spasming, she came hard and loud, all over my fingers.

"I INSERTED MY FINGERS DEEP INTO HER SOPPING HOLE, FRIGGING HER VIGOROUSLY UNTIL I FELT HER VAGINAL MUSCLES TIGHTEN AND GRIP MY DIGITS."

When she'd regained her composure, I asked her to turn over. Her bottom-cheeks were smooth and silky like soft pillows, and I devoted some time to spreading the cream over their curves before working it into the deep furrow between them.

I could hardly contain myself; the sight of her little anus almost made me come on the spot. I creamed the skin around her ring, gently probing her sphincter while caressing her delicate rose-tinted orifice until she had relaxed enough to allow my finger to fully enter her bottom-hole. Using my other hand to stimulate her clitoris, I pushed my finger deep inside her bum, enjoying the warm velvety feel of her back passage for a moment.

Next, I scooped up a handful of cream, thickly coating the gorgeous crevice between her bum-cheeks and smearing it along her delicate spine. Then I turned my attention to the cherries. Placing them strategically along the ridge of her backbone, I embarked at last upon the wonderful task of licking the cream from her body.

Beginning at her neck, I tongued downward toward her arse, nibbling at the cherries as I went and causing increasingly violent shudders of anticipation to pulse through her frame. As I lapped hungrily at her ring, she pushed back against my tongue, begging me to fuck her.

Lifting her pelvis up I positioned myself between her thighs and, feeling her swollen pussy lips with the head of my engorged penis, I held her hips and took her from behind, thrusting my cock ball-deep into her welcoming snatch. I'm not ashamed to say that I rode her with more abandon than I'd ever ridden any girl before, fucking her pussy hard with my throbbing dick.

She gasped for breath, pushing back to meet my eager thrusts and, smearing the remnants of the cream into her buttocks once again, I felt myself erupt, my straining

Continued on page 14

BEXI & ZARA

Age: 22 & 28 **Vital Stats:** 32DD-26-31 5'7" & 30FF-24-32 5'6"
Photographer: BB Media

Before you start writing in, yes, we're perfectly aware that Zara Mae here has been known by another name in the magazine, but she's decided to consolidate her modelling name across all platforms now, so she's Zara from now on, alright? And let's face it, irrespective of what she's called, she's looking hornier than ever, isn't she? No wonder Bexi Williams can't keep away from that inviting snizz of hers – and vice versa, as it happens...

◀ Continued from page 5

tool exploding my own cream deep inside her. As I came, so did she, wailing like a banshee and arching her back as her vaginal muscles squeezed and contracted almost painfully around my empty member.

After relaxing with some wine, we continued our food play – it turned out that Vivien had a penchant for giving creamy blow-jobs, much to my delight! She stayed over that night and, despite the distance between us, we still meet up occasionally to indulge our edible fantasies…

Owen, Beswick.

GREECE IS THE WORD!

Dear *Mayfair*,

I know Greece has been having a pretty rough time of it of late, but if they've got the gene pool to produce a girl as stunning as Zoi, then it's clearly not all bad! What a tremendous beauty she is, and while I've been impressed with her earlier appearances in *Mayfair* over the last two or three years (including a couple under a different name), the latest set of her, in 51.02 was in a totally different league! Those wonderful brown eyes appear to be so soulful, and with the rest of her heavenly face, not to mention her divine body, she really is the perfect package. I can only imagine how lucky some guy must feel to wake up next to her every morning – I think I'd have to pinch myself repeatedly every single day!

Please say 'Yasou' to the lady herself from me, and thank her for making such a breathtaking appearance in your magazine!

Will, Colchester.

Thanks Will – although Zoi has asked us to point out that she's half Scottish as well – and we strongly suspect that side of the family don't exactly look like Russ Abbot's 'See you Jimmy' too much!

SUPERMARKET SWEET!

My wife Sian works for a local mini supermarket and the other day I popped into see her during her shift. She works on the fresh produce department and when I saw her she was bending over a few crates of apples, her nice round arse desperate to burst out of the tight trousers she was wearing.

I crept up behind her, adopted an unusual accent and then whispered in her ear, "I'd really like to fill that arse of yours!"

"Who the…?" Sian exclaimed as she spun round expecting to see a total stranger.

When she saw it was me the look of seriousness disappeared from her face and she flashed a wicked grin.

"Sorry, luv, I couldn't resist it," I said, "grabbing hold of her firm arse."

"Hey! Not here," she replied. "I'm due a break, so follow me."

Sian led me into a staff only area and then into a large storeroom containing big shelves of fruit and veg. We found a dark corner and started kissing.

Sian then pushed me down onto the edge of the shelving and took her top off, letting her perky tits bounce into my face. As I chewed on her nipples her hands worked down my trousers, letting my stiffy bounce out into her hand. She began wanking me off fiercely, gritting her teeth and rubbing her tits in my face. Then she got on her knees and started sucking me off. She's got the perfect blow-job mouth and always uses it well, working me right to the back of her throat and then bringing her lips back over my bulbous head, over and over again.

She must have known I was about to cum because she then stood up and abruptly said: "No! I want your cock in my pussy."

I was only too willing to oblige and as she turned round I pulled her knickers down over her arse and stroked her wetness with my fingers. She moaned in response and pushed back on my hand.

"Fuck me!" She said with a broken, desperate voice, and sure enough I obediently stood up and worked my stiff rod into her dripping wet pussy.

> WE WERE BOTH GRUNTING AS I RAMMED MY SHAFT IN AND OUT OF HER GUSHING HOLE.

"Fuck me hard!"

I was sure someone would hear us because we were both snorting and grunting like pigs as I rammed my shaft in and out of her gushing love hole, she screamed so loud when she came a few seconds later my heart started beating really fast just waiting for one of her colleagues to interrupt us. But no one did.

Sian had fallen onto her knees on the floor now. She was leaning forward, I was behind her and ready to push my prick into her pussy when she grabbed my cock and demanded, "Fuck me in the arse."

With that she started rubbing my swollen head between her bum cheeks. It was almost like she was pleading me to bugger her and my cock was so juiced up from her pussy that it didn't take long before I'd got a couple of inches past her tight brown ring – and then it just popped all the way in. I grabbed her waist as I banged away at her rear.

Her bum was so tight it didn't take long before I could feel my balls swell up and I took out my cock just in time to gush a wad of cum over her rapidly shrinking arsehole. A good thing really because my pounding arse stokes had caused her to groan slightly louder than I would have liked.

As soon as we were both spent, we got our clothes back on and quickly returned to the shop floor as if nothing had happened. As I said goodbye to my wife I told her not to worry too much about getting randy on the rest of her shift, I'd be waiting for her at home. Sian, being the dirty slut she is, just eyed up a pallet of courgettes and said to me, "I think I'll be alright until then!"

Max, Hampshire

 E-MAIL Mayfair@paulraymond.com POST Mayfair, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, Surrey, KT12 3PU.

TORI

Age: 27 **Vital Stats:** 34B-27-37 5'9"
Photographer: Twistys

Mmm, it's been a little while since we last hooked up with industry legend Tori Black, but the Ed's made a new year's resolution not to let the grass grow under his feet when it comes to featuring the hottest babes in the business, and so here she is! Apparently Tori once bagged an award from *Loaded* magazine (RIP) for being the most facially attractive girl in adult modelling, but from where we're sitting, the rest of her stacks up pretty well too! Throw in some suspenders, some lacy undies and a bit of a muff and, well, that's a lot of *Mayfair* boxes ticked!

QUEST...

Reckon it's high time we had a trio of confessions from some of our lady readers? Well so do we - and here they are!

My husband John and I have been married for five years and although we love each other dearly, we both had to admit that our sex life had cooled off somewhat lately.

We tried the usual stuff to spice things up; romantic weekends away, candle lit dinners, but nothing ever seemed to recapture the old magic. I began to resign myself to a life of mediocre sex, which to say the least, was mildly depressing.

It was John that first suggested we try and make things interesting in the bedroom by adding a third person. "You know, like a threesome." he said enthusiastically. Needless to say I was shocked, but what surprised more was when he mentioned he wanted it to be with another a guy rather than a woman. He confessed that it had always been a secret fantasy of his to watch me with another man.

This made me feel differently about the situation, I mean if he'd have suggested another woman I would have felt insanely jealous, but with a guy? That was different. I also had to admit it had always been a fantasy of mine to be shared by two men, but would John really be okay with it? He seemed sure which confused me a little. I decided to go along with it and see whether he was serious or would eventually bottle out and forget it.

For a few weeks neither of us mentioned it until John came home one day with an excited look on his face. He said he'd been talking to a friend at work named Dave who was a regular on the swinging circuit and no prude when it came to experimental sex. He suggested that he bring Dave home one night so we could 'try things out' as he put it. I was hesitant. I still couldn't quite believe he was serious about sharing me with another guy and it seemed like such a huge gamble in our relationship.

We talked it over and he reassured me that he felt secure enough in my feelings for him to go ahead with it. In the end I agreed that we should all meet for a drink and see how we got on. I mean after all, I didn't even know what this guy looked like yet. John told me not worry and said he'd arrange everything.

A few nights later we met in a local wine bar in town. Dave was already there sat at the bar wearing a grey suit without a tie. I was immediately blown away by how good looking he was; tall, athletic with blonde hair and blue eyes. I felt a sudden surge of adrenaline in my stomach as the butterflies kicked in. John introduced us, "Dave, this is my wife Helen." As he lent in to kiss my cheek I caught the smell of his aftershave. "I've been looking forward to meeting you." He smiled broadly and gestured us over to a small table he had reserved for us in the lounge area. It was in a dimly lit spot right at the back with no other people around. We huddled down around the table with John making sure I was sat in the middle. We ordered a round of cocktails to loosen things up. I opted for a Gin Martini without the Olive.

Name: PAULA
Age: 33
From: BEDFORD

As the waiter fetched the drinks we began to make small talk. I quickly began to realise that far from being the strange pervert I'd been half expecting, Dave was actually very charming. I listened attentively as he recounted stories about his world travels and his work as a stock broker in the city. He was very much the man about town I thought and I noticed the first twinges of attraction towards him. I felt the familiar warmth between my legs and I began to squirm around on my seat.

I don't know if it was the alcohol or the atmosphere but the more we all chatted the more hilarious Dave became. He had a devilish sense of humour and was so quick witted. As the evening wore on and the drinks flowed I felt my inhibitions fade and I was getting overly flirty with him. I hadn't noticed that my hand was now resting on his thigh. Jolted by my brief loss of discretion I quickly withdrew my hand and turned around to see if John had noticed. To my surprise he didn't seem the slightest bit fazed. He looked mesmerized as he watched us both laugh and joke together. He leant over and whispered in my ear, "Touch his cock."

I was flabbergasted. Did he really just say that? I looked up to see Dave winking at me. I turned round again to see John smiling. He gave me a reassuring nod. It was like the pair of them had been rehearsing this. "Sod it", I thought and moved my hand up between Dave's legs and cupped his sizeable bulge in my hand.

> "I HAD TO STIFLE A SHRIEK AS HIS FINGERS FOUND MY CLITORIS."

He reciprocated by running his fingers along the inside of my thigh until they disappeared up my skirt. I had to stifle a shriek as his fingers found my clitoris. At that time John's hand ran down my back and then slithered into my underwear. The sensation was overwhelming and I began to get wet. I could feel both men's fingers slip and slide around together like a swarm of eels in my knickers.

Three rounds of cocktails and a bottle of champagne later I was thoroughly rat-arsed and insanely horny. It was also getting late so I suggested we all get a cab back to our place and continue the fun. John settled the tab and we left.

As we got into the house Dave and I crashed onto the sofa while John went to the kitchen to search for alcohol. Whilst he was out of the room I couldn't help myself. I leant over across Dave's lap, unzipped his trousers and took him in my mouth. He moaned deeply and I felt

his hand come to rest on the back of my head.

I was so engrossed I'd forgotten all about John until I felt my skirt being hitched up over my thighs and the familiar feel of him entering me from behind.

I couldn't believe it. I was being spit roasted by my husband and some guy I'd only met a few hours earlier.

After a few minutes all our clothes were off and we'd become a hot sweaty mass of bodies thrashing around on the living room floor.

All doubt and hesitancy had left my mind and I threw caution to the wind. I loved the feeling of domination both men had over me.

By now I was on my knees sitting on John whilst sucking off Dave. I began to work harder and faster on Dave until his breathing became quick and shallow. He finally gasped and shot his load in my mouth. I swallowed then licked my lips before turning my attention to John. I'd never felt him so hard, he was clearly turned on by seeing me with another man. Suddenly his hips jerked and his hardness broke inside me as he climaxed.

Whilst both men lay panting on the floor, I stood up and headed for the bathroom trying my best not to spill any of the fluid John had deposited in me on the way.

After a brief respite I led both men up to the bedroom where we enjoyed hour after hour of hot kinky sex. Dave didn't leave until first light the next morning.

The experience was one of the most erotic of my life and I still get turned on whenever I think about it but, despite this, I somehow don't really feel like repeating it. I prefer to remember it as one of those things that just 'happened' rather than being planned. Maybe I'm just wrestling with female conscience.

John on the other hand has become like man possessed. He keeps asking when we can try it again and has even suggested bringing more participants in. I fear I may have awakened a side to him I don't like.

Although I have no regrets, I guess some fantasies should remain just that; fantasies.

I'm 31 and single – not through choice – but I'm told I don't look my age and I ensure that I make the most of life, working hard and partying even harder. I've come to the conclusion over the years that my being alone is predominantly down to my career, which I chose over finding a man to settle down with. Being the manager of a large

bank is unusual for a woman as young as me, but I really enjoy it. I oversee around 70 members of staff, which means a lot of pressure so it's great to let my hair down.

Every year the company puts on a huge bash for the branches in and around the city and the Christmas just gone was no exception. The bosses had hired out an entire hotel in the countryside for us, with lots of gorgeous finger food and a free bar laid on. Of course, as the Champagne flowed everyone got very drunk and had a fantastic time!

I always make sure I look good for this annual get-together – usually opting for a classy LBD and heels – but this year I decided to be slightly more daring with my outfit, and I'm glad I did! I bought myself a deep red dress (which was somewhat shorter than I would normally go for) with a plunging neckline and added a pair of red stilettos

Name: SUZANNE
Age: 31
From: CLAPHAM

"HE HURRIEDLY PULLED MY KNICKERS DOWN, DROPPED HIS TROUSERS, AND BENT ME OVER THE SINK."

"HE FUCKED ME HARDER AND FASTER, HIS BALLS SLAPPING AGAINST MY BUM."

before finishing the look off with a stunning diamond necklace that a previous suitor had treated me to. Damn, I felt sexy!

And the men-folk obviously agreed, as I got chatted up more that night than any of the previous nine dos I had attended! I was even slipped a few phone numbers; the fact that they were given to me by married men so I would never use them didn't matter, it was still flattering.

I have only a few rules in life that I stick to and not mixing business with pleasure is one of them. But then, I have never met a guy like Mitchell before. Having only joined the firm eight months ago, he hadn't attended our annual soiree before and, noticing a new face I made a beeline for him. He was slightly younger than me and very cute, but after just a couple of minutes of chatting to him I realized he was a bit too confident and cocky for my liking.

However, once he got the message that I wasn't interested, I must have become a challenge for him, as he didn't leave me alone for the rest of the evening, fetching me glasses of Champagne and insisting that I dance with him. After a couple of hours of outrageous flirting he wore me down and I told him my room number, saying that I'd meet him there in half an hour.

Slipping away as discreetly as I could, I headed to my room and straight to the bathroom to touch up my make-up before my guest arrived.

I'd left the door on the latch so he could let himself in, but I still jumped when he appeared in the bathroom doorway. I was touching up my lipstick and our eyes met in the mirror, making my stomach flutter.

He made his move, grabbing me round the waist, kissing my neck and pulling my skirt up over my bum. I was wearing a little thong and hold-up stockings, which obviously had the right effect on him as he hurriedly pulled my knickers down, dropped his trousers and bent me over the sink. It took him a stab or two before his cock found my moist, aching hole.

Once in, he began pumping away, pawing at my pert boobs as he found his rhythm. Slapping my bum cheeks, he breathlessly told me I was the horniest bitch in the entire company. So, I wasn't surprised when he didn't last long, grunting as he shot his wad deep inside me.

I wasn't about to let the occasion pass without coming myself, so I began diddling my clit, enjoying the feeling of pleasure washing over me. I was very close to climaxing, when Mitchell announced that he was ready again – being in his early twenties it didn't take him long to recoup – but rather than moving to the more comfortable bed, he pushed me gently to the bathroom floor while stripping my clothes off. I shivered as my skin touched the cold tiles.

Mitchell knelt between my legs, pulling them up on his shoulders to give him easier access. He had a nice long cock on him, so getting inside me wasn't difficult. He was sliding me back and forth over the floor, moving me on and off his length, telling me to play with myself, so he could watch me hold my pussy lips open and play with my clit.

"STRADDLING MY TORSO, HE WANKED HIS MEATY LENGTH, THE SWOLLEN RED COCKHEAD WINKING AT ME BEFORE EVENTUALLY SPRAYING."

As he'd already come, he fucked me slowly until I was thrashing around, my squeals of pleasure echoing off the bathroom walls. Once I'd climaxed, he fucked me harder and faster, his balls slapping loudly against my bum as he slammed his fat prick in and out of my now-sopping minge. It didn't take long before he grunted that he was going to come again and could he unload on my face? I agreed, feeling like the dirtiest slut ever!

Pulling out and quickly straddling my torso, he wanked his meaty length, the swollen red cockhead winking at me before eventually spraying his creamy muck everywhere, splattering my chin and mouth and icing my tits with his sticky jizz.

We stayed there for a few minutes, Mitchell playing with my erect nipples, apparently enjoying the way his cream pulled off them in gooey strings, until I insisted we move to the bed. He fucked me for hours in every way imaginable, impressing me with his youthful stamina – and his rock hard dick!

I was exhausted by the time we headed (separately) down to breakfast the next morning. My colleagues were too hungover to realise – or care – what we'd been up to, luckily, as the company frowned on inter-firm relationships. It was definitely the best Christmas party I've attended so far – however, I'm anticipating the antics at this year's do already! And I'm really looking forward to hooking up with Mitchell again!

I never thought I'd end up telling a magazine like yours about my filthy exploits but I know it would turn my hubby George on to read this so I hope you'll print it.

Last month George and I went out for the evening with some friends we'd known since we moved to this area about three years ago.

Clare and Pete are both in their twenties and attractive. I knew for a fact, that George fancied the pants off Clare as he'd told me how much he liked her long legs and big tits when we'd been fucking. We often talk about fantasy shags while we screw as it turns me on thinking of George's dick stuffed into another woman's mouth and it really gets George off thinking about some

Name: ANITA
Age: 29
From: IPSWICH

awesomely rounded tits.

Her nipples were huge and I masturbated Pete's cock faster as my husband took one of Clare's fat teat in his mouth and sucked it noisily, his hand still pushing rhythmically between my friend's legs as she moaned and groaned her appreciation. I was still able to watch the action as I leant forward and stuck Pete's lovely dick into my mouth. The earthy taste of his meat excited me further and I ground my sex down hard onto his probing fingers.

Clare had dropped George's trousers to the floor and I could see his rigid muscle in the palm of her hand as she guided him between her thighs. Lifting one stockinged leg up to his waist, both Pete and I could watch in vivid detail as she pressed the end of his knob against the entrance to her slit and then pushed down on him so that about two inches disappeared inside her hole. Fuck, two could play at that game and pulling Pete's dick from my mouth, I clambered on top of him, sitting directly onto his prick with my back against his chest. Pete was bigger than George and his swollen shaft plugged my pussy good as he buried it up to the balls in my soaking tunnel. I began to ride him as he groped my tits and we leered at our loved ones fucking before us. George had both hands on Clare's arse, pulling her body onto his knob as he grunted with lust. Pete pinched my nipples as I crammed his cock in and then out, a climax bursting through my crotch as his dick reached maximum penetration.

I didn't have much time to recover as George dragged his cock from Clare's twat and pointed it straight in my face. I just had time to open my mouth as the first jet of his seed splattered the back of my throat and with Clare furiously wanking his meat, the spunk was flying everywhere; coating my cheeks, neck and chin in sticky white gloop that dripped off my skin onto the silk material of my blouse.

I felt Clare's fingers clench around the base of her lover's prick as I continued to ride it. I knew as his body tensed beneath me that Pete was about to unload and he did, straight up inside my aching cunt, his heavy manhood jerking and pumping out sperm while buried to the hilt in my twitching hole.

With my face still plastered in semen I climbed off Pete and joined Clare, licking and sucking the mixture of jizz and fanny juice off her partner's cock. As Clare helped herself to some of George's come, which was still smeared around my mouth, my husband busied himself by fingering our two hot wet pussies at the same time.

Both dicks and both our pussies got a good deal more attention that night (and again the following morning!) and we've already arranged to do it again soon. Maybe Clare and I should put on a proper lezzie show for our men next time. I know I'm definitely game if she is!

other bloke ramming my wanton pussy full of hard meat!

Anyway, it was pretty late by the time we got back to our friend's house and while Pete got some drinks, Clare put some music on and started dancing with my George.

"PETE EASED A FINGER AND THEN ANOTHER INSIDE MY DRIPPING HOLE, GRINDING THEM UP INTO THE SOFT MOIST FOLDS."

George started winding me up by stroking Clare's arse and pressing his crotch against her while grinning at me. Clare was giving as good as she got though, kissing George's neck and running her hands up and down his thighs while they gyrated around the lounge. I could feel my pussy juicing up as I pictured how hard my hubby's cock would be getting.

Pete came back with the drinks and sat on the sofa next to me. He couldn't take his eyes off our partners dance and I could see he actually had a slight bulge in his trousers.

My fanny got wetter and I casually placed my hand on his leg as we continued to watch.

George noticed my hand and began to fondle Clare's bum more intently, checking Pete's face for signs of disapproval. Realising he was enjoying their display, George suddenly turned Clare's head towards his and kissed her full on the mouth. Pete's bulge grew bigger and I slid my hand on top of it, letting my fingers grip the solid shaft beneath the material.

We all knew where this was heading and dropping any pretence, Pete slipped his hand between my legs and ran his finger up my skirt towards my sodden twat. I nearly came as he touched the damp panties, stretched taut over my love mound and when he started stroking up and down the lips of my pussy I spread my legs for him and pulled the crotch of my knickers to one side.

George had lifted Clare's dress up to her waist and was delving between her stockinged thighs for her twat. He was staring at my now bare snatch as Pete eased a finger and then another inside my dripping hole, grinding them up into the soft moist folds of my pussy. I undid his trousers and in seconds had a gorgeous eight inch prick pulsing in my hand. I wanked it gently as I watched George carefully undo the back of Clare's dress and expose her

"GEORGE HAD BOTH HANDS ON CLARE'S ARES, PULLING HER BODY ONTO HIS KNOB AS HE GRUNTED WITH LUST."

MF

VERONICA

Age: 25 **Vital Stats:** 34F-24-32 5’7”
Photographer: Twistys

We'd imagine that dieticians would warn that too much cheesecake could cause medical problems, but surely the perfect remedy would be a trip to a clinic run by cheesecake nurses like Veronica here! Only trouble is, if we were to spend any time in the company of such a lovely specimen, we'd probably end up having a stroke – or even a full on tug! Anyway, we'll shut up now and let you get on with your consultation.

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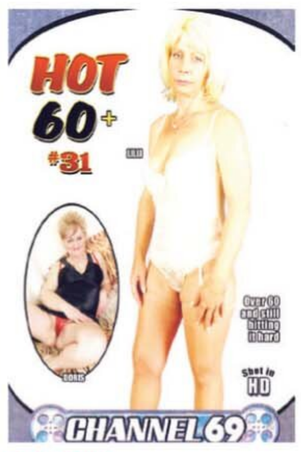

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Mature.NL 88
CODE: WP751

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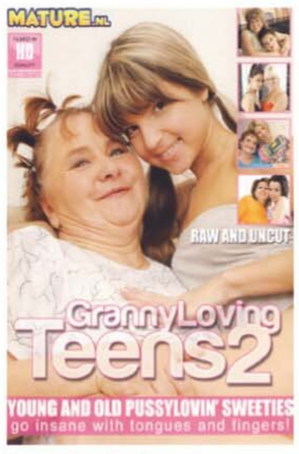

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CAPRI

Age: 33 **Vital Stats:** 34DD-24-36 5'4"
Photographer: Twistys

So the question is, did Canadian lovely Capri nab her stage name from the island – or the car?

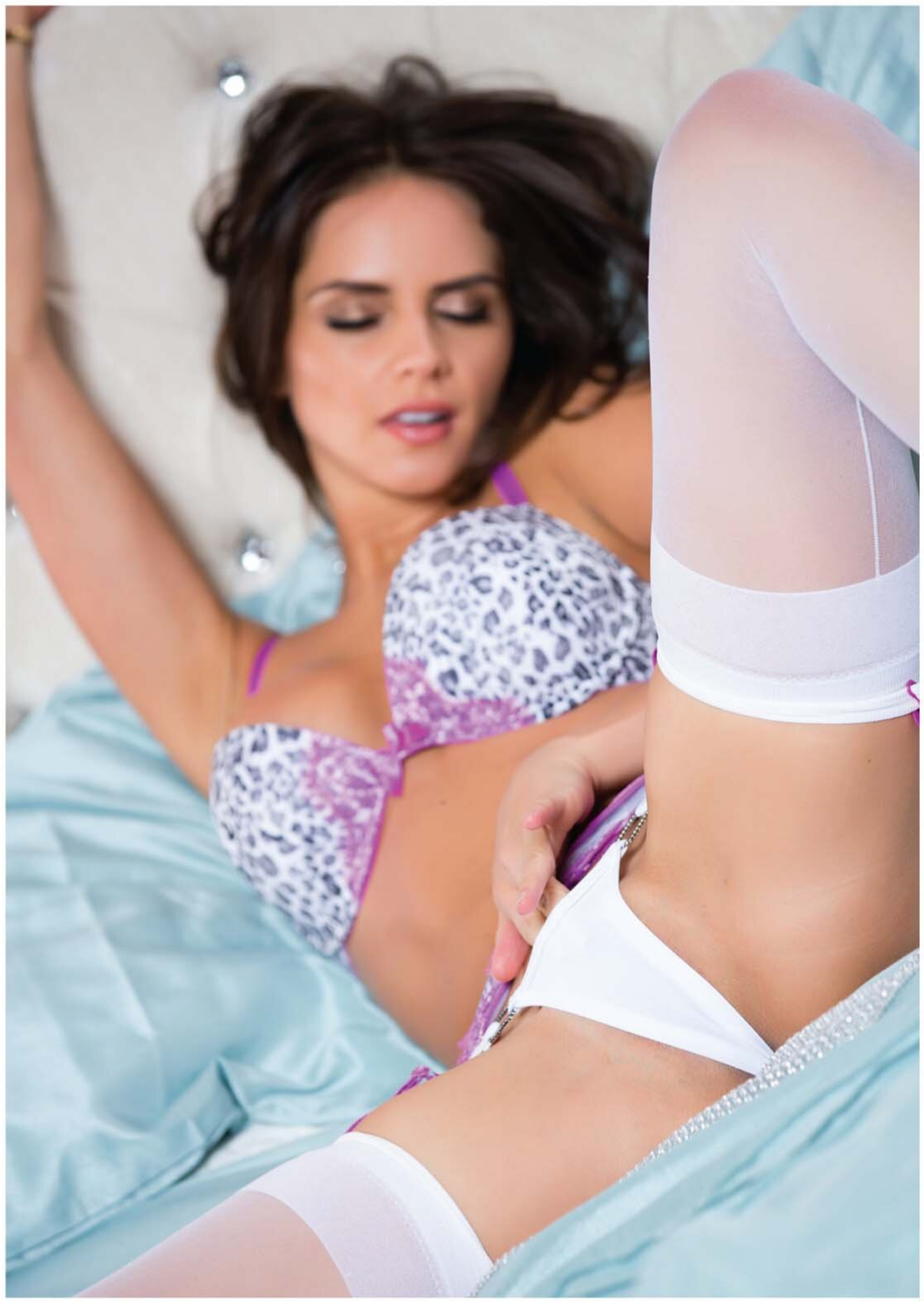
"Ah, it's the island – in fact I didn't even know there is a car called a Capri (*Whaaaaat?! – Ed.*). My grandmother came from Capri, and I've always been fascinated with the place. I haven't been yet, but I'm hoping to get across to Europe so I can pay it a visit one of these days."

Well, speaking as a European (of sorts) I can only say the continent awaits your arrival with bated breath!

MF

ADELE

Age: 28 **Vital Stats:** 32D-25-33 5’3”
Photographer: BB Media



Scrummy Adele Taylor has to represent one of our most felicitous discoveries of volume 50, and just in case you were getting worried, we were anxious to get her back into the magazine before too many issues of volume 50 had elapsed. Well, partly in case you were getting anxious, but mostly because we wanted to spend a bit more time with her, frankly. And besides, in a (fruitless) bid to get in her good books, the Ed had said he'd like to stick her on the cover!

MF

ADELE

MAYFAIR Movies

Want to know what grots hot and what grot's not hot? Then you've come to the right place - although we tend to steer well clear of the not-so-hot grot, to be honest...

The Adult Channel

DEVIOUS WIVES

CAST: Lucia Love, Victoria Summers, Hannah Shaw, Charlyse, Samantha Bentley.

Now if I were ever to find myself in the unlikely (but, on balance, enviable) position of finding myself married to one of the nation's most notable porno flappers – a Sam Bentley, say, or a Lucia Love – I'd probably suspect that mine was not, sadly, the only cock to feature in their lives. But hey – the concept here is that not one but all the shapely knob-jockeys in the credits are indeed married and that they're all more than happy to do the dirty on their old men.

Lucia Love is first up, snogging away with her beau, who spots the ring on her finger but doesn't let that put him of his stroke. Once the jazzy soundtrack fades out they really get down to business, Lucia riding him like a good 'un until she finishes him off with a hand-job.

Four more similar couplings follow, and they're all classy enough affairs (literally, they'd have us believe!) with Charlyse proving to be a particularly eye-pleasing grand finale, teasing our Pascal's load all over her shapely derriere. **Available from your local sex shop.**

MICK BLUE'S BEST DAY EVER

CAST: Anikka Albrite, Kalina Ryu, Vicki Chase, Abella Danger, Aindra Fox, Ana Foxxx, Megan Rain.

Given that Mick Blue's been one of porn valley's go-to guys when they need a reliable swordsman to prong a filly or three on film, we suspect he's had quite a few pretty good days over the years. But if (and to be honest, I have my doubts) the two scenes that feature in this flick were shot on the same day, then that probably would represent his best day ever – as it would any other bloke's who found himself in such a sweet situation!

The first scene sees Mick, already mid-fuck with the delicious Anikka, being led through to the next room where Kalina and Vicky are lezzing away without a care in the world. Mick and Anikka join in and, well, the jammy git spends the next hour or so ramming her senseless while their new chums lend a hand/tongue at every opportunity. The camerawork's exemplary, but the second scene's even stronger – Mick prongs no few than five girls, with loads of backdoor action along the way. All in all, a very good day at the office indeed!

Wicked

TEASE ME POV 3

CAST: Lunas Star, Madelyn Monroe, Nina Elle, Olivia Austin, Sara Luvv.

WICKED PICTURES ALL-SEX
DIRECTED BY KEVIN MOORE
Tease Me
POV 3
LUNA STAR MADELYN MONROE NINA ELLE OLIVIA AUSTIN SARA LUVV

It's always important to be able to see things from someone else's point of view, isn't it? What's more, it also happens to be extremely stimulating… assuming that other person is a porn stud who's desperately clinging onto a video camera while a selection of some of the tastier strumpets in the business do their very utmost to bring him off in double quick time!

After a little tease, curvy blonde Olivia starts rubbing our man's engorged prick against her stupendous rump, but instead of splashing off instantly like any normal bloke would have done, our hero has the stamina to hold off, earning himself an eye-pleasing blowie before he finally buries his almost freakishly bulbous helmet into her juicy snatch. Doggy, mish and cowgirl all follow, before an oral pop rounds things off to everyone's evident satisfaction.

And that pretty well sets the template for all the other scenes that follow. Highlights include Vicky's meaty flange getting thoroughly impaled, and while the whole thing might be a little repetitive if watched from start to finish (always better than vice versa with this type of film, I find) the girls are pretty hot (Madelyn especially so!) and suitably wanton – although none of them seems to be wanton a backdoor drilling today, thank you. Still, as POV flicks go, this one's definitely right up there.

Ms. Fortune!

Written by
John A. Short

Illustrated by
Gabrielle Noble

M.I. TEN HAVE SENT ME UNDERCOVER IN THE FAR EAST!

GOODNESS, KIM JONG UN! WHAT A PRIVILEGE TO MEET THE LEADER OF A WHOLE COUNTRY.

AH, YOU MUST BE THE YOUNG LADY HERE TO STUDY NORTH KOREAN JAM MAKING PROCESSES?

WE BELIEVE SOMEONE HAS TRIED TO BREAK INTO OUR MISSILE TESTING AREA.

AS A VISITOR TO OUR MAGNIFICENT COUNTRY, SUSPICION HAS FALLEN ON YOU.

GOODNESS, YOU HAVE GOT A BIG ONE.

BUT I WOULDN'T HAVE A CLUE HOW TO FIDDLE WITH YOUR BIG THINGY.

AND I COULDN'T EVEN HAVE GOTTEN ANY INSTRUCTIONS IN AS YOU CONFISCATED MY NOTEBOOK AND PHONE.

EEK!

BOOOOM!!!

SIR! SIR! WE FOUND THESE AT THE MISSILE SITE...

THEY HAVE DETAILED INSTRUCTIONS FOR HOW TO SABOTAGE THE MISSILE PRINTED ON THEM!

IT IS HER! SHE'S THE WESTERN SPY!

OH FUDGE! I'VE BEEN EXPOSED!

MUMMY!

Ms. Fortune & M.I. Ten/M.I.X © copyright Short & Noble 2016

GENTLEMEN, That Reminds Me

Want a sidesplitter or three? Well move along, there's nothing for you here, we're afraid! Email us your efforts at: mayfair@paulraymond.com or send them to: Mayfair, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, Surrey, KT12 3PU.

A couple were in the final stage of their divorce. The judge announced, "Mr Jones, I have reviewed this case carefully and have decided to award your wife £500 per week!"

The husband nodded and said, "That's very fair, Your Honour. And every so often, I'll try to send her a few quid myself."

M

A bloke is sitting on the sofa with his wife, watching telly. He takes a handful of peanuts but sneezes as he's eating them and one shoots up through his soft palate and gets stuck in his nostril. He panics, but then his daughter and her boyfriend come in.

The boyfriend is in the final year of medical school and takes control, putting a finger up the bloke's other nostril and saying: "Keep your mouth shut and blow, hard."

The peanut comes flying out.

When the daughter and boyfriend have left, the wife says: "He's a nice boy. Do you think he'll be a GP or some sort of specialist?"

"Judging by the smell of his fingers," the bloke says, "I reckon he'll be a gynaecologist."

"Hello, look what the cat's dragged in."

M

An old boy's watching the telly one evening and stumbles upon a rather naughty film. When he gets an (all to rare) erection he decides to invest his pension in a visit to a dodgy sauna.

He pays his money and a nice young girl takes him in hand, then in her mouth, before straddling him and bouncing around until his half-hour is up.

He enjoys it, but can't help thinking that it used to be much better in the old days.

A couple of days later he begins to get a strange sensation in his groin and notices a discharge starting to leak from under his foreskin. Fearing the clap, or worse, he goes straight to the doctors for a diagnosis.

The doctor looks at him and asks if he's been sexually active recently. The old boy owns up and explains the whole story.

"I see," says the doctor. "Well, if I were you I'd get back to that sauna and find that girl quickly. Do you think you could do that?"

"Reckon so," says the old boy. "Is it something serious?"

"Absolutely," says the doctor. "You're starting to orgasm – if you can find her within the next three hours you should be able to finish off what you started a couple of days ago."

M

A zoo-keeper notices that one of the chimps is not hanging out in front of the chimp house with the rest of the group, so he goes round the back and finds the chimp busily reading. He looks at the books and sees that one's the Bible and the other is Darwin's Origin Of Species.

"Interesting choice of reading material," says the zoo-keeper.

"Well yeah," says the chimp. "I'm just trying to find out whether I'm my brother's keeper or my keeper's brother."

M

Grandpa watches Tommy pulling a worm out of the ground and tells him that he will give him £10 if he can stick it back into the hole again.

Tommy says yes, disappears for a bit, comes back and pushes the worm right back down into the hole. Grandpa takes a £10 note out of his wallet and gives it to Tommy.

"I'm sorry, Grandpa," says Tommy, shaking his head. "I'd love to take the money, but I cheated. I used mummy's hair spray to make the worm all stiff, so I could shove him back into his hole." Grandpa chuckles and says: "Doesn't matter, lad. You showed initiative, so you keep the money."

The next morning at breakfast Grandpa walks up to Tommy and presses another £10 note into his hands.

"But Grandpa," says Tommy, "you already paid me for my worm trick."

"Yes, I did," says Grandpa, "but that money's from your Grandma."

M

A bloke is in hospital for a circumcision. After the procedure, he's a bit perturbed to see several doctors standing around his bed looking worried.

"Sir, there's been a bit of a mix-up," admits the surgeon. "I'm afraid we've accidently performed a sex change operation rather than a circumcision. You now have a vagina instead of a penis."

"What!" gasps the patient. "You mean I'll never get to feel another erection?"

"Oh, you might do," the surgeon reassures him. "It just won't be yours."

Why are blonde jokes so short? So men can remember them.

CAROLINE

Age: 28 **Vital Stats:** 34DD-25-34
Photographer: Dazglam

Lounging in the garden in a pair of skimpy see-through undies - that's how Caroline here likes to while away an afternoon once the clocks have gone forward, and to be honest we can't really blame her. Could you think of a better way to spend an afternoon than on the garden, stroking that beautiful hairless pussy of hers before – well, you know the rest! No, us neither, and don't get us started on her boobs!

PENNY

Age: 22 Vital Stats: 32F-26-36 5'5"
Photographer: BB Media

Hooray - if it's isn't Penny Lee – one of our fave British babes from last year and lo, if she hasn't gone and got a special treat for all her fans to kick off the new year!

"That's right! I've loved appearing in – and on the cover of – *Mayfair* in the last year or so, and I thought I'd show my appreciation by letting you take some rather naughtier shots this time! My fans have let me know they're desperate to see a bit more of my pussy, and I thought 'Where better place to fulfil their wishes than in the pages of *Mayfair*!?'

Quite right too, Penny – and rest assured, your gesture hasn't gone unnoticed. Why word has it the Ed's on his way back from the pub right now to help 'oversee' the rest of this shoot!

MF

CHRISTEN

Age: 20 Vital Stats: 34B-25-36 5'7"
Photographer: Dazglam

Saucy young Christen drew many an admiring comment when she made her *Mayfair* debut back in issue 51.01, so one way or another it was a bit of a no brainer to get her back again, not least so we could spend a bit more time on the company of such an innocent-faced yet dirty-minded beauty! Jaded as we might be in the office, there really is nothing like the sight of a girl of this calibre kneeling down and peering back over her shoulder at you as she prises open the petals of her perfect pink pussy!

MAYFAIR
Classic

Rachel Garley

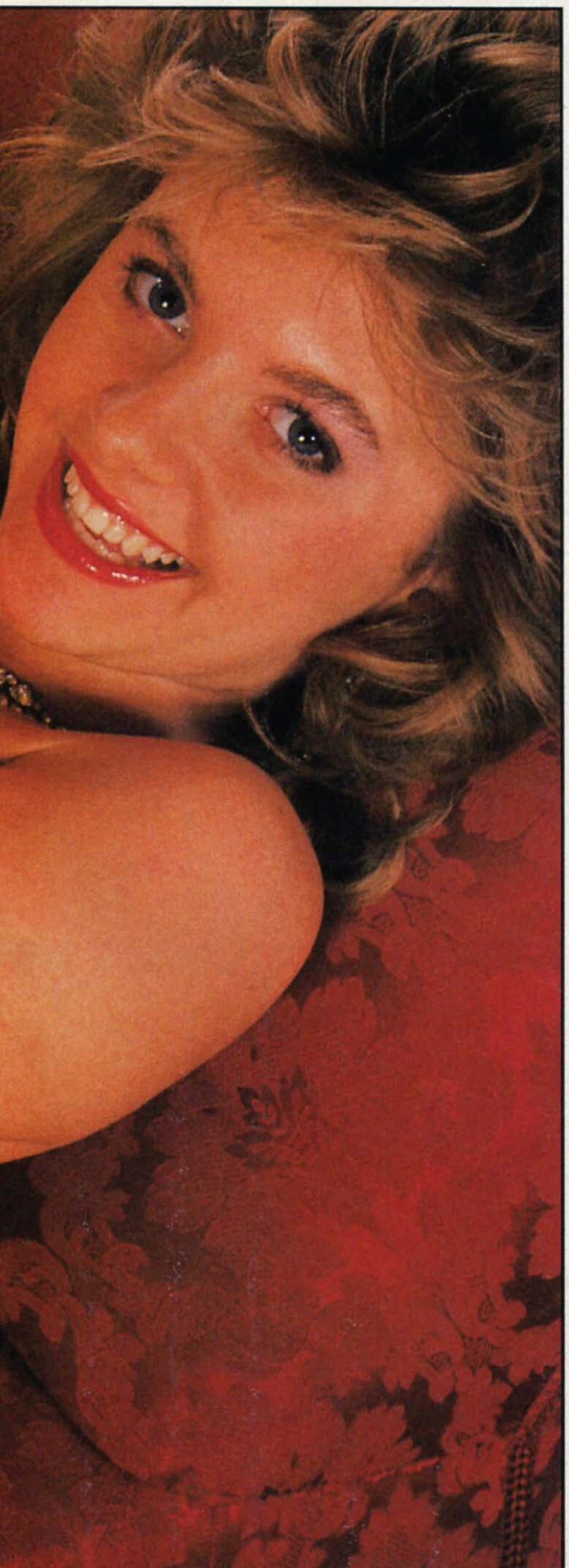
The page three girl you asked to see

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

When it comes to enterprise, it's hard to fault 18-year-old Rachel Garley Leaving her home in France at 16, she came to England alone to live in the Northamptonshire village of Earthingborough. From there she soon carved herself a career as a top Page Three model in the *Sun*.

Her fine 36-24-36 figure ensured she was successful almost at once, and the inevitable move to London followed. There, she also found time to run a wine bar in Crawford Street, popular with pop music and TV stars.

Now her determination has led to working as a model full-time. She's just returned from 12 days in the Bahamas and is shortly off to Mexico on a shoot. She's also breaking into acting. She has a small part in *Hawks*, the latest film starring new Bond, Timothy Dalton, and has appeared in pop videos and foreign TV commercials. Despite her success, Rachel's interests are still refreshingly down-to-earth. She helps out in her boyfriend's hotel in Victoria but hates the traditional Page Three night club scene. Instead, she'd rather stay at home knitting. 'Don't laugh, she says. I find it very relaxing. It's also very charitable. Her creations are given free to homeless children.



MAYFAIR Classic

Well a quick bit of research tells us that Rachel here ended up being the partner and muse of artist and famed Soho dandy Sebastian Horsley, who tragically died back in 2010 – leaving Rachel as the sole beneficiary of his not inconsiderable will. What with that and her small part in *Hawk* (anyone see that?), it seems Rachel's had an interesting time of it since she graced the pages of *Mayfair* 28 years ago!

Coming Next Month

Kerrie Lee

MAYFAIR

Vol.53 No.1

On Sale Jan 10th

Back when *Mayfair* began the world was, I'm reliable informed, almost exclusively in black and white. There were the odd exceptions, like the land of Oz and wherever they filmed *Gone With the Wind*, but basically living in colour was only invented when *Mayfair* was into volume 4 or five. And now look at us – still going strong in the modern world, where every fact you could ever need can be accessed by a small hand-held device and we're all flying around in fusion-powered cars! Lummy, Volume 53 - who knew such a brave new world could ever exist?!

Nicole

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